The Queen's Birth-day

SONG.

APRIL 30. 1691.

I.

WElcome, welcome, glorious Morn,
Nature ſmiles at thy return;
At thy return the joyful Earth
Renews the Bleſſings of *Maria*'s Birth;
The buſie Sun prolongs his Race,
The youthful Year his earlieſt Tribute pays,
And Froſts forſake her Head, and Tears her Face.

Chor. *Welcome, welcome, glorious Morn,*
Nature ſmiles at thy return,
For Nature's richeſt Pride with thee was born.

II.

Welcome as when three happy Kingdoms ſtrove
In glad confuſion to expreſs their Love;
When every Heart did every Tongue employ,
To ſpeak its ſhare of Publick Joy,
And great *Maria*'s Birth became
The nobleſt Theme and loudeſt Song of Fame.

III.

The Mighty Goddeſs of this wealthy Iſle
Rais'd her glad Head, and with an awful ſmile,
She look'd, whilſt Thouſand *Cupids* hover'd round,
And thouſand Graces the fair Infant crown'd.
Full of Wonder and Delight
She ſaw and bleſt the Noble ſight.

And

And lo! a ſacred Fury ſwell'd her Breaſt,
And the whole God her labouring Soul poſſeſt
To lofty Strains, her tuneful Lyre ſhe ſtrung,
And thus the Goddeſs play'd, and thus ſhe ſung.

IV.

My Prayers are heard; Heaven has at laſt beſtow'd
The mighty Bleſſings which it long has ow'd;
At laſt the bounteous Gods hath ſent us down
A Brightneſs ſecond only to their own.
I ſee the round years ſucceſſively move,
To ripen her Beauties, and Crown them with Love.
A Hero Renown'd in Virtue and Arms
Shall wear the ſoft Chain and ſubmit to her Charms;
And *Hymen* and *Hebe* ſhall make it their Care,
To pour all their Joys on the Valiant and Fair.

Chor. *Then, then our ſad* Albion *ſhall ſuffer no more,*
She ſhall fly to his Aid and be freed by his Power,
And date all her Bleſſings from this happy hour.

He to the Field by Honour call'd ſhall go,
And dangers he ſhall meet, and wonders he ſhall do;
The God of Arms his God-like Son ſhall bleſs,
And Crown his Fleets and Armies with ſucceſs:
Whilſt undiſturbed his happy Conſort Reigns,
And wiſely Rules the Kingdoms he maintains.
Britain at laſt ſhall ſee her Peace Reſtor'd,
And pay new Vows for her returning Lord.
Maria then ſhall all her Cares unbend,
And ſhe ſhall ſtill Adorn, and he Defend.

Chor. *Sound all ye Spheres, confirm the Omen Heaven,*
And long preſerve the Bleſſings thou haſt giv'n.

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